

This Is Why You've Always Failed.

By Herbert Kaufman

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Once upon a time *multiplication* seemed the most *impregnable* bulwark that your little *brain* could *storm*.

But because you *tried hard*, and mastered *one* table after *another*, you eventually had such a grasp on *figures* that you actually found yourself cutting a *path* through the *jungle* of *fractions*, and after a few years of persistent *application* you even conquered *compound fractions*.

All that you did *then* was to *keep at it*—mastering your allotted *daily* tasks until you "*knew your little book*."

There isn't a *problem* on the face of this *earth* that can't be *solved* by *patient* and *gradual* and *thorough* endeavor.

What you lack is *method*. You plunge into the *middle*, leap to the *end* and then hop *back* to the *start*.

There's no *system* to your *mental processes*, so *half* your work is *wasted*.

Your *ideas* do not *link* in a logical, consecutive *chain*. Your brain *smatters* and *scatters*. You don't pursue a *clearly* defined *path* of *reason*.

An *express* train constantly switched into *sidings* won't reach its *destination* as *quickly* as a *slow freight* that puffs *steadily* along the *right-of-way*.

Survey your *track* before you *steam up*. Lay your *ties* on *ballast* and *spike* down one rail before you set the *next*.

Speed is a *loss* instead of a *gain* if *stability* doesn't lie in its *wake*.

You can't *understand* why so many men are traveling *ahead* of you. You're *brighter*, but you're *erratic*—you haven't your *knowledge* in *proper array*.

You're not running on *schedule*—you haven't a *predetermined route*.

They've left you in the *rear* because a *straight line* is the *shortest* distance to any point. You've been *jumping the track*, investigating all the *by-paths*. You haven't *stayed put*.

You have a name for *unreliability*. Your *moral integrity* is *above question*—it's your *mental dishonesty* that classes you as a *second-rater*.

You can't be found *where* you're wanted *when* you're needed. You haven't established a *partnership* with the *clock*—you don't *tick* according to *standard time*.

Your *teamwork* is *bad*. You aren't on your *base* when the *ball* comes your *way*.

You're playing *solitaire* when your *associates* are playing the *game*.

You don't know your *book*. You've *skipped* some of the *dull* but *essential* lessons in your *eagerness* to reach the *next* course.

You're so *impatient* to do *important* things that you haven't *equipped* yourself with the *necessary training*.

You're anxious to *rule*, but you haven't expended the *required effort* to *acquire* rules.

Your *foundations* are *wobbly*, so every time you start to *build*—*crash!* goes your little *House of Dreams*.

The *walls* won't *stand*—the *underpinning* is *weak*—the bricks don't *hold together*—you haven't given the *mortar* a *chance* to *set*.

You haven't *trued* your work with the *spirit level* and the *plumb line*, and until you *do* you'll *never* get your *ambitions* under *roof*.

Go back to *school!* Select a *text*, and don't turn to page 2 until you know *every* line on page 1; you'll accomplish *volumes* if you'll simply *learn each chapter* in its *due order*.

The Department Clerk Waxes Reminiscent

THE old government department clerk waxed reminiscent again the other day.

"I remember," he said, as his eyes twinkled behind his spectacles, "a clerk here in the office a number of years ago who sought, by every means in his power, to curry favor with our chief. The variety of methods employed by my courtier-like confederate for this purpose was truly surprising, and, whether they were effectual or not, they certainly gave the rest of us plenty of amusement."

"One day this favor-seeking clerk got run over in the street during the lunch hour, whether by accident, or design, I cannot say with any degree of certainty. At all events, he wasn't much hurt, despite the fact that when we gathered around him he assumed a corpse-like attitude. On the other hand, my somewhat alarmed by this condition of insensibility, called loudly into the ear of the apparently dying man, 'Blank, Blank, can you recognize any of us?'"

"Now it chanced that the chief clerk was standing in the outermost edge of the surrounding group, directly in a line with the back of the head of the unfortunate victim."

"Notwithstanding which, the latter, with the most amazing contortions, slowly turned his head around until one faced him, and he was able to get it in a right position again, and exclaimed in an audible but extraneous voice: 'I recognize—Mr. Brackett—the chief clerk!' and immediately relapsed into insensibility."

"Several of my comrades, at one time and another, have been inveterate practical jokers, and although this form of humor is not always productive of good to the victim, I recall one instance in which the latter decidedly benefited. The victim in this case was one of the numerous subjects—perhaps I may say slaves—of that tyrant, John Barleycorn."

"The next morning he came to the office in an unusually 'shaky' condition, evidently wavering between the sober reaction and the menace of another, indeed, he conveyed to us, by his remarks, that such was his sad condition."

"When noon came I am afraid it was a case of 'another' and perhaps more to our unfortunate friend. Our confrere admitted to this form of 'let us in' on a plan which he had hatched in the absence of the too convivial nerves of the convivial were evidently soothed, not to say exhilarated, by his noonday portions, and he chanced to be sitting facing the door leading into the hall. This portal opened almost noiselessly, and a diabolical apparition confronted the gaze of the toper as he glanced up from his labors. He called the attention of the rest of the room to the hideous head, but they looked blankly from the door which was now closed as the head vanished, to the horrified man, and seemed astonished."

"Why, didn't you see it?" exclaimed the victim.

"Of course, we all denied having perceived anything abnormal, and even denied the opening of the door. Then we sought, in a soothing manner, to convince him that he was evidently a danger of 'getting them again,' and, though he endeavored to appear incredulous and de-

flant, we could see that he was impressed. It was certainly a long time before he took 'another.'"

"One of our number at one time was a very green young man from a remote rural district, who fell an easy victim to a quite harmless bit of mystification concocted by the practical humorist. It was the time when a remarkable scandal, relating to grave robbing, had been the pun is unintentional—unearthed in a large city. Glancing up from his desk, the humorist remarked to a fellow clerk: 'This will be a good night for our work, B—.'"

"Fine!" exclaimed B—, and then followed a most mysterious conversation between the two, at which the verdant young man, who could hear a portion of what was said, pricked up his ears. With other things, he learned that his co-workers were in the habit of receiving from \$75 to \$100 for each subject they secured by their nefarious night work."

"It was evident that the newcomer's interest was strongly aroused. His fellow-clerks, who engaged in such dire and awful proceedings at such profit, seemed respectable. The matter apparently gave him food for deep and profound cogitation, and he could restrain his feelings no longer."

"Do you really," he said to one of the resumed resurrectionists, 'receive this money for what you do at night?'"

"He was assured that such was not only the case, but that, in the event of his wanting to join in the labors on behalf of science, he could make similar profits himself. He must have given several days' consideration to this momentous and somewhat sinister proposition, and then he intimated that he would engage in the 'dreadful' but money-making business."

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"If a letter to my friend Gould would do you any good, I would be very happy to write it."

"Well, that, and what followed, filled our departing confrere with joy and hope. The letter was duly prepared. It contained, I remember, familiar and affectionately, 'My dear Gould, and went on to enumerate the numerous and varied accomplishments and virtues of the applicant for fortune's favors in the most lavish terms. It is, perhaps, needless to dilate upon the subsequent adventures of our friend with that letter. Some of them were, to him, painful and disconcerting in the extreme. His misfortunes, as he described them, were really pitiful, and it is best to draw the curtain. Let us hope that in a humbler sphere, he found that peace which the soul craves."

"One clerk—it's a number of years ago now, and the recounting of the matter will hurt no one—turned up in our midst in a most mysterious manner. He was an Englishman, dark and meager as to looks, dark and meager as to antecedents. Our friend of the practical jesting proclivities

took him in hand and utilized him for a most singular purpose."

"He was both rousing in the same establishment—my humorist friend and I—and we, in common with the rest of the boarders, were dominated by a lady, the daughter of the landlady, who was, in fact, a tyrant in her way. Of the landlady herself we had none but pleasant thoughts, for she was a good, wholesome soul and very different from her sour offspring. Now, my practically humorous friend saw his way to a new comedy in this apparently unpromising situation, and this is the way he manipulated it."

"He approached the mysterious stranger in the most confidential way one may day, and, pulling out some greenback notes, he intimated that, whereas the majority of persons were content with one note, as dispensed by the United States Treasury, he was in the habit of making two of it—other words, of doubling his emolument by the exercise of a subtle art, which he had lately discovered, and which was beyond the reach of the most skilled detectives."

"This practice seemed to impress the mysterious stranger mightily. Coming out of his shell, as it were, he eagerly asked to be acquainted with the details of the valuable, if nefarious, process, and was informed that the whole art of splitting greenbacks was an exceedingly simple and safe one, and that if he would call at the boarding establishment upon the next day, he would be made familiar therewith, and his services utilized in the new scheme of cheating the government."

"He was told on no account to confer with the landlady herself, but with the daughter—she was in the scheme—he was to employ the counterfeits, in the first instance, of 'How about those greenbacks?' The daughter, it may be observed, usually answered the door of the house, but occasionally this duty was performed by the mysterious stranger. The initial phrase not effecting a ready entrance, our visitor was to follow it up with 'Dutch oven!' this utensil, it being explained, playing an important part in the splitting process."

"The night upon which the appointment was to be effected proved to be a very stormy one, and we thought—all in the house that were in on the secret—that the daughter might not make her appearance. But the greed of gold is mighty, and at the appointed time a ring at the bell intimated that the daughter was waiting within hearing distance of the front portal that the occasion was nigh."

"The old lady was completely flabbergasted, but she called her daughter, and the figure that met her gaze, habited in a long black cloak and slouch hat, evidently did not call forth her usual hospitality. A muffled voice said: 'I wish to see Miss B—.'"

"My daughter, you wish to see my daughter—' gasped the landlady. 'Why, what do you want with my daughter?'"

"I can't tell you, madam," was the reply. 'I want to see your daughter on very private business.'"

"The old lady was completely flabbergasted, but she called her daughter, and the latter was greeted by the ominous-looking stranger with the expression: 'How about those greenbacks?'"

"What?" was the reply, in something between a shriek and a gasp.

"The expression was repeated, and then, the frightened woman still remained dumbfounded. It was followed by: 'Dutch oven!'"

"Mother! Mother!" screamed the lady, distractedly, 'there's a crazy man here!' and she retreated, as the group, of which I was one, sought to suppress—ineffectually, I am afraid—our laughter."

"Ever after that—as long as we remained at the establishment—we were wont to repeat at the table the mystic phrases, 'How about those greenbacks?' and 'Dutch oven!' and the effect upon the presiding old maid was quite extraordinary."

"A rather cruel joke was played upon one of us, a German, by a clever devotee of the practical jest. It was in the days of the Louisiana lottery, and the Teutonic clerk was communicated with by the lottery officials by the authorities of the lottery—to the effect that he was the winner of the grand prize, amounting to what was, in his eyes, a considerable fortune. The communication was sent to him at—ad I may observe, indeed, it was prepared at—the office, and when he received it, well—"

"He was engaged at this time in pasting dilapidated documents, having been recently reduced to this somewhat intellectual employment, and the circumstance evidently rankled within him. 'When he got the communication, or what appeared to him as such, of his vast fortune, his actions were, to say the least, extraordinary.'"

"Catching up the detested paste pot, he hurled it against the opposite wall, narrowly missing the head of an intervening clerk, and exclaimed: 'To the dickens mid der bastings! I don't want no money, and live better den Gen. Grant, already.'"

"He was with difficulty prevented from going to the residing authorities of the department and office and telling them in round, unvarnished language, just what he thought of them. I need scarcely say that the reaction of this mood, following upon a knowledge of the truth, was very painful indeed. It was a practical jest of which I by no means approved. Yet such have been some of my diversions in this sort in the weary days of my routine in Uncle Sam's service in this city."

"The lieutenant was a Musselman, and, according to the tenets of his faith, could have married four wives legally; he was most moderate in having only three. The war office will have to serve two pensions to his two widows, and may think itself lucky it has not four to pay."

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An Exhibit of District Fauna

WASHINGTON is to have an exhibit at the National Museum in which the fauna of the District of Columbia will be shown. For the first time in the history of the National Capital will be seen gathered together a comprehensive collection of the birds, fish, mammals, insects and other native inhabitants of the District.

Dr. P. W. True, the head curator of the National Museum, in charge of this project, expresses his intention to do all he can to make this collection attractive as well as instructive. Besides the interest which it is believed the exhibit will have in the eyes of school children, especially high school pupils, in their studies. Aside from these advantages, it will afford Washington boys and girls a means of familiarizing themselves with the names and habits of the birds and other animals which they encounter in their rambling about the city.

As yet only the site for this exhibit has been chosen. This is on the second exhibition floor, to the right of the elevators at the north end of the building. It will occupy a considerable space, well lighted and as well adapted for the purpose as any in the museum. As soon as suitable cases can be provided the actual work of installing the exhibit will be started.

In speaking of this exhibit Dr. True said that only such species would be included as were known from authoritative records to be found in the District at present, or to have been here formerly.

"There will be no guesswork in the matter," said Dr. True. "If we introduce species which are mentioned casually by the early explorers of this region, they will probably be found to be introduced animals, which are known to have inhabited this territory formerly, but have now disappeared. We shall, if we are unable to obtain authentic specimens from the District, use others of the same species obtained elsewhere."

In the giant collections of the museum there are many specimens that by right belong to the District exhibit, and consequently there is already much material to draw upon. The difficulty, however, is that in past years such material has simply been lost. It is now necessary to go to the various parts of the museum and to find out where the material now available can be sorted out.

In speaking of the scope of the collection Dr. J. E. Benedict said: "The District is rich in material for such a collection. Birds will, of course, be one of the most important and largest parts. This can also be said of the insects, as there is a vast number of them in this region. The mammals form a comparatively small part of the District fauna, while fish, snakes, turtles, frogs, and other aquatic creatures are also numerous. The crustacea, or crabs and other similar animals, will be included as well. Such a collection should aid materially in giving visitors a good knowledge of the District fauna."

Planes will probably be exhibited in alcohol or formalin, at least at first, but they will, nevertheless, be recognizable as such.

It is estimated that the total number of insect species exceeds the total number of all other species put together. The Washington Biologists' Field Club has an island in the Potomac river, on which it has obtained more than thirteen thousand varieties of beetles. When the exhibit is first opened it

will not be complete by any manner of means. But Dr. True and his corps of assistants are working as rapidly as possible to obtain such specimens as will make the collection a valuable one to District students, and as fast as is possible the collection will be increased so that it includes all the fauna of the District.

American Preparations for Coronation Show

Special Correspondence of The Star.

It is uncertain as yet whether the proceedings at the international horse show, which opens June 12 next, will be suspended coronation day or not. However, no effort will be spared to make the show one that will attract many thousands of the visitors who are coming to London for the greater event. The contingent of American horsemen who are to compete is larger than ever, in spite of the fact that all the entries have not been made. Judge W. H. Moore again will lead the largest American exhibitor, E. T. Stotessbury, Pierpont Morgan's partner, one of the directors of the show, and who has not exhibited over here for two seasons, is to have several entries. J. E. Harriman, C. W. Watson, Paul Borg, E. H. Weatherbee and Clarence Moore are also here for the coronation.

Miss Bowen of New York will enter several hackneys. Lieut. Sifton and Capt. Douglas Young are bringing a steeplechase from Canada; the Hon. Adam Beck of Toronto will be here with his hunters, and Messrs. Crow and Murray of the same city will bring some of their best jumpers. Already a large number of private boxes have been reserved by American visitors who will have a splendid view of the show.

The "terrace garden" which surrounded the arena last year, the prize list amounted to almost \$50,000. This year the list has already reached \$65,000, and will probably be not less than \$85,000 before the list is published.

Over \$25,000 is being offered in prizes for jumping, and several new jumps are being prepared. Military jumps always has been a strong feature at the international show, and the chief prize is being prepared. The chief prize is being prepared. The chief prize is being prepared.

An interesting addition will be the Russian section. One competition will be for trotter and "prestashka," in wagon or droshky. In this class two animals are driven together, the horse on the near side being a trotter, while the off-side or right-hand horse is a galloper. In the "troika" class three horses are driven abreast, the central trotter being flanked by gallopers. The full equipment of Russian harness and "troikas" will be provided, forming a collection that never has been seen before in England. In fact, it is believed that Walter Winans, the famous American horseman, has the only "troika" in this country. Several Russian noblemen intend to send their own horses, carriages and coachmen for the competition.

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